

ADrift 36 DAYS IN SCHOONER TIED TOGETHER BY ROPE

Three Fishermen Arrive Here
After Perilous Battle
Against Big Odds.

RESCUED DURING STORM

Beau Brummel Hurlled Tin Box
Containing Sartorial Treasures
Into Lifeboat.

Adrift thirty-six days on the Atlantic coast of the time in a small schooner, the experience of three fishermen of the sea who applied to-day to the United States Shipping Commissioner for transportation to their homes in Providence, R. I. They were picked up on July 20, forty-two miles from the nearest land by the Red Cross line steamer Brika, which arrived here this morning from Huelva, Spain.

Capt. Juan Rene, forty-eight years old, Jose Fonseca, thirty-six, and Manuel Andre, thirty-three, are the names of the fishermen. Capt. Rene and Andre bear some resemblance to men who have recently gone through hardship, but not so Fonseca. This seaman was a nobby light suit of clothes, a soft outing shirt, a striped cravat and a straw hat with a sensational band. How he came out of a shipwreck thus bedecked is not the least interesting feature of the narrative.

The three men are Portuguese, natives of the Cape Verde Islands. In their youth they were taken aboard whalers from New Bedford and settled in New England, engaging in the whaling and fishing business. Capt. Rene has been a resident of Providence and New Bedford for twenty-eight years. The others have lived in Providence fifteen years.

THREE PARTNERS SET SAIL ON
FISHING EXPEDITION.

The three owned equal shares in the schooner Brika, built forty years ago and a stout old tub at that. She was 40 feet on the water line, 15 feet beam and drew 4 feet of water. The schooner was a last box which could not be repaired. It became necessary to man the pump, and the pump was manned every minute by one or another of the trio from the afternoon of June 17 to the afternoon of July 20.

Another storm was encountered. In this disturbance the deck split. There was danger that the Brika would open and fall apart like a watermelon out down the middle. The fishermen mariners packed ropes around the hull and the deck and knotted them securely, thus tying their decrepit craft together as a package of kindling wood in a bound.

NEVER SIGHTED SAIL UNTIL
BRIKA CAME TO RESCUE.

In alternate blows and calms, but always with the sea mountains high, one day was very much like another on board the Brika. The three men stood watch and watch, never sighting a sail. To the best of their ability they were guiding the schooner, softens, waterlogged down in the direction of the Azores and it seems well for their seamanship that on July 20, after having just passed through a hurricane they were forty-two miles southeast of Pico Peak, a barren mountain of the Azores Islands. They were sighted by the Brika.

Immediate rescue of the men on the Brika was imperative. There was a terrific sea running, but Second Mate Andrews and four members of the Brika not a boat away and ventured as close as possible to the wallowing Brika. The three shipwrecked men had to leap from the deck of their waterlogged craft into the small boat. Fonseca carried a small tin box of sartorial treasures. "Leave that box behind and save yourself," yelled Andrews.

Fonseca refused to leave the box behind. Before jumping to save himself he made a dexterous heave with the box and landed it in the lifeboat. It missed the lifeboat by one of the seamen by half an inch. Naturally Andrews and the others on the Brika thought the tin box contained treasure. It did contain treasure for Fonseca. The tin box was the receptacle of the attire of the seaman described in the opening paragraphs of this account of the shipwreck.

LOSES LEGACY OF \$3,100
WHEN FRIEND DISAPPEARS.

Saloonkeeper Had the Money in
Cash and Awoke in Companion's
Room to Find It Gone.

When William Penzien, a saloonkeeper, of No. 5 Hamilton avenue, Brooklyn, came to Manhattan yesterday in response to a message from a lawyer he found \$3,100 in cash waiting for him as his share of a relative's estate. Penzien took the money, which was in two one-thousand-dollar bills and a bundle of tens and twenties, and went back to his saloon to celebrate. In the evening Dietrich Meyer, a friend, dropped in and the pair had numerous drinks together. Penzien awoke at 5 o'clock to-day to find Meyer gone. The \$3,100 likewise was missing.

Penziens told the police he did not like to accuse Meyer, as the latter had been a life-long friend. The police, however, are searching for the man as they believe he may have some knowledge of what became of Penzien's legacy.

KILLED IN DUEL ON SOUND LINER STRANDED IN FOG

Double Panic Among 350 Held
Prisoners Aboard the
Shinnecock.

SCHOONER IS RAMMED.

Massachusetts Almost
Susan N. Pickering, Crew Being
Thrown in Water.

The 350 passengers who left New York for Block Island on the Montauk Steamboat Company's steamer Shinnecock were doubly thrilled and panic-stricken last night and to-day by a duel to the death between two cooks, and immediately after one of the duellists had slain the other with a knife the grounding of the steamer on a sand bar in Gardiner's Bay, fifteen miles from Sag Harbor. The steamer ran on the bar in the dense fog that caused many mishaps to shipping on the Sound.

The majority of the passengers, who had been aware of the mortal combat between the two cooks were awake when the Shinnecock grounded. Their nerves were in a shaky condition and for a brief time a disastrous panic threatened. It was only through the efforts of Capt. George H. Rowland and his officers that the excited passengers were quieted. No report of the duel was sent ashore from where the steamer grounded, but the news reached New York by wireless.

The Montauk Steamboat Company in this city were notified that there was no danger to the vessel or her passengers, and arrangements were made to transfer the passengers to the lighter-draught steamer Manahasset, which left New London for Sag Harbor last night.

PASSENGERS WAIT UNTIL SHE
IS FLOATED.

The Manahasset reached the side of the stranded steamer at 10 o'clock and took off fifty passengers bound for Sag Harbor and other nearby points. Manahasset reported that the Shinnecock lies head on to the beach off Long Beach Light with a list to the starboard and is riding easily. She is hard into the sand but in no great danger, although there is a stiff swell setting in from across Gardiner's Bay.

There are still three hundred passengers on board. All are bound for Block Island. They were offered a transfer to the relief steamer, but elected to remain and finish the trip on the Shinnecock.

The Shinnecock would be floated, it was expected, between 4 and 5 o'clock this afternoon. She is not taking in any water and will continue on her way to Block Island without making the top at Orient, Greenport or Sag Harbor.

GLENN ISLAND BOAT FOGBOUND
ALL NIGHT.

The 200 passengers aboard the McAllister Steamboat Company's excursion steamer Ajax, who had expected to get home from Glen Island last night, were stalled all night aboard the craft because of the fog. The Ajax set out from Glen Island at 8:30 o'clock, but the fog was so thick that Capt. Boyle decided not to take any chances and stopped his way into a dock at City Island. It was not until 9 o'clock that the fog lifted sufficiently to let the Ajax out. An hour and a half later she landed her fifty remaining passengers at the Battery.

Many of the fifty had walked away the morning hours of the morning fishing, and were now making their way back to the city. The hand played till 1 o'clock, then quit and quailed up on benches. When dawn came about 12 o'clock the passengers set out on the long hike to the city. The remaining fifty preferred to go back to town by boat. It was not until 9 o'clock that the fog lifted sufficiently to let the Ajax out. An hour and a half later she landed her fifty remaining passengers at the Battery.

There were no sleeping accommodations aboard the excursion steamer, and the fog had made it impossible for it to reach through the clothing. The hand played till 1 o'clock, then quit and quailed up on benches. When dawn came about 12 o'clock the passengers set out on the long hike to the city. The remaining fifty preferred to go back to town by boat. It was not until 9 o'clock that the fog lifted sufficiently to let the Ajax out. An hour and a half later she landed her fifty remaining passengers at the Battery.

CAPTAIN SAVES LIFE BY GRASP-
ING WRECKAGE.

The Massachusetts was breaching her way in a misty fog in Vineyard Sound last night about 11 o'clock when the passengers were brought to the deck by the cry, "There's a collision!" A quick examination showed that the Massachusetts was unharmed, and her captain gave orders to circle about in the fog to pick up the shipwrecked sailors of the schooner, who were finally located by their cries for help.

The crew of the Massachusetts had struck the Pickering far forward and tore off her bow. Laden with 40 tons of granite the schooner settled so rapidly that one of the crew had to cut the ropes of the yawl boat. Capt. Haskell and two other members of the crew were thrown into the water by the yawl and all were picked up by the Massachusetts.

There was some excitement on board the Massachusetts, which was quieted by the ship's officers, and after the rescue the steamer proceeded to this city. A collection was taken up for the Pickering's crew.

The Pickering was floated during the

"No Towboat in New York Harbor Could Beat This Performance" of Jim Judge



foremen by the Acushnet, and in the use of the revenue cutter proceeded toward this port.

The Acushnet found a composite prize crew on board the derelict, including Capt. Casca and four men of the New Bedford fishing schooner Felomena Casca, and four men from a Martha's Vineyard fishing vessel.

The Casca's men fell in with the wreck about dawn and drifted ashore with her. The other four men boarded her just before she grounded at Cedar Tree Neck.

Sound steamers from Boston, Newport, Providence and New London were delayed from three to five hours by the fog. The dense mist also tied up many incoming liners off Sandy Hook and the Atlantic Highlands, and Shrewsbury River steamers had to pick their way through the fog at quarter speed, reaching their New York docks one and two hours late.

**BROKER SCHLEY
TELLS HOW STEEL
TRUST GOBBLED**

(Continued from First Page.)

were C. A. Guthrie, L. C. Hanna and

"It was offered to you by some large holder?"

"By Mr. George Kessler?"

"Yes."

The syndicate bought 118,500 shares out of 22,000. Mr. Schley said. Each man

was to carry or finance his old holdings, but there was a syndicate agreement

none should sell except on the action of the syndicate managers.

Mr. Schley agreed with other syndicate members that the company was

bought as a commercial investment and not for speculation. The members did

not want to sell out. Every

A second syndicate was later formed, including nearly all the members of

the first syndicate. This included

about thirty members. It purchased

50,000 additional shares of T. C. & I. on the market.

**BOUGHT 50,000 MORE SHARES
FOR SECOND SYNDICATE.**

"This 50,000 additional shares were

bought at about 120," said Mr. Schley.

"I did not myself subscribe to the second syndicate."

Mr. Kessler and Mr. Schley owned the

50,000 shares sold to the syndicate. Mr. Kessler owned most of it. This was in

1908.

"Was Kessler then in distress?"

"Not at that time. He was not pressed

to the point of selling, exactly. He was willing to sell."

"Why was the second syndicate

formed?"

"I thought it would be profitable for

the purchasers. It would aid the prosperity

of a company which was to increase the

syndicate's control."

"I was borrowing enormous sums of

money a hundred thousand here, five hundred

thousand there, and so on. Seventy per

cent of our collateral were steady

stocks, 30 per cent industrial stocks

like T. C. & I. We had no single loan

supported by Tennessee stock. It was

a general ground in support of other col-

lateral."

"You made T. C. & I. serve as a

"sweetener" in your other collateral so

far as banks would take it?"

"The remaining fifty preferred to go

back to town by boat. It was not

until 9 o'clock that the fog lifted

sufficiently to let the Ajax out. An

hour and a half later she landed her

fifty remaining passengers at the Bat-

tery."

"A million or a million and a half."

"Was that loan supported by the T. C. & I. as you have described?"

"Yes, as you have described."

**SAYS MORGAN & CO. WERE LI-
ERAL WITH THE FIRM.**

"Morgan & Co. were inclined to be

liberal to Tennessee and took more of it

than some where else. Seventy per

cent of our collateral were steady

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supported by Tennessee stock. It was

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"You made T. C. & I. serve as a

"sweetener" in your other collateral so

far as banks would take it?"

"The remaining fifty preferred to go

back to town by boat. It was not

until 9 o'clock that the fog lifted

on T. C. & I." asked Mr. Littleton.

"Was Moore & Schley the subject of

attack? Don't answer until I remind

you of the testimony you gave in the

Senate hearing." Mr. Littleton then

read Mr. Schley's former testimony in

which he had said the firm was "op-

pressed by rumors" and the subject of

"harrassing demands."

"We had \$3,000,000 of loans out. That

fact is the best answer to the question

as to whether we were the object of at-

tack," said Mr. Schley.

"Well, then, will you tell the com-

mittee why the transfer of T. C. & I. for

5 per cent steel bonds was necessary

for the saving of Moore & Schley?"

"People who had borrowed money

from us couldn't make good on T. C. & I.

collateral. When they got the bonds

they could make good. That was all."

"Could borrowers on other collateral

make good?"

"Not all of them."

"Then you had just as much reason

for negotiating the sale of Republic

Steel or any other industrial as you had

for selling T. C. & I."

"There was more of Tennessee than

of the others."

"Was there any particular reason

why T. C. & I. should have been sel-

ected out from other collateral to become

the subject of the trade?"

"For me, yes," said Mr. Schley. "It

would have ruined me, my friends and

our closest associates."

"Why couldn't you have borrowed

these bonds from United States Steel

instead of selling out?"

"Because we couldn't have sold bor-

rowed bonds."

"How had they loaned you \$3,000,000

worth of bonds to Moore & Schley?"

"Taking T. C. & I. in return?" asked

Mr. Schley in turn.

"No."

"Just a bald loan?"

"Yes."

"Why, I wouldn't have had the cheek

to suggest that," said Mr. Schley.

"Never mind the cheek. Would such a

loan made with the sole object of

saving Moore & Schley have accom-

plished its purpose? Remember, the

saving of your firm was the only object

of this transfer."

"Was there an offer of the steel cor-

poration or Judge Gary of \$3,000,000?

You told the Senate Committee that

such a loan would have saved you?"

"Not to me. Mr. Lodge said some-

thing of such a loan in case we put up

certain security. I told him I couldn't.

It wouldn't work out."

"Who suggested the sale of T. C. & I.

to the Steel Corporation?" asked Mr.

Littleton.

"Col. Payne."

"What did he say?"

"He knew I was worried and dis-

tressed. He said, 'Why not sell out to

U. S. Steel. Life is too short for all this

worry. Let it go.'"

GATES OFFERED TO LOAN \$3,000,000 IN BONDS.

"Did any member of your syndicate

offer assistance? John W. Gates, for in-

stance?"

Mr. Schley told of a cable conference

with Mr. Gates, at the end of which

Mr. Gates offered him \$3,000,000 in bonds

as a loan.

"I wouldn't take it," said the wit-

ness.

"Was Col. Payne distressed?" asked

Mr. Littleton.

"He was a good friend of ours. He was

distressed for us."

After he had proposed the sale to Mr.

Ledyard, Mr. Schley said, Mr. Ledyard

BUCKING AUTO BACKS THROUGH SHOP WINDOW

Salesgirls and Customers Fly
as Machine Rushes Into
Their Midst.

Harold Mehlberg applied the wrong gear to the auto-delivery wagon he was driving down Second avenue to-day when he tried to cut ahead of a truck, and his machine bucked up on the sidewalk and backed squarely into the show window of Mrs. Lizzie McMillan's dry goods store, at No. 445. The bucking machine swept the plate glass away and sent the display of linens flying, while salesgirls and the customers fled to the rear of the store, screaming for help.

Only the bars of the awning, which happened to be down, prevented the careening auto from going right through the front door. Mehlberg, who is a driver for the Ward Bread Company, held to his seat, in spite of the fact that the machine was flying about his ears, and when his car came to a standstill he found the right gear and extricated himself from the wreckage, which amounted to over \$100.

For those who crave precise information, let it be known that "Jim" Judge saved from the relentless onslaught his comely wife, Mrs. Mary Judge, weight, 215 pounds, Mrs. William B. Hayes, weight 224 pounds, and Mrs. William G. Jones, who in her flimsiest bathing suit, bobbed hair, and not wearing all three comely macons live in the Hollywood Bungalows, Rockaway Beach, and are immensely fond of bathing.

"It's only up to their waists," narrated Mr. Judge, "where they sort of sat back and started to float and, following the instructions I've taught 'em, they only looked up at the sky. I was sitting back on the beach, sunning, and not paying much attention to them. Pretty soon a boy ran up to me and says, 'Look, they're floating out to sea!' I looked, and sure enough, the missus and her pals were headed for Ireland."

"There was a swift tide pulling 'em out," says Mr. Judge, "but so gentle they didn't have the ghost of an idea where they were. When I got alongside the missus I said, 'Mary, you're way out to sea; keep quiet and don't flap over. If you do it's all off.' I repeat this advice to Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Jones, and the most amazing part of it is that they all obey and don't scream more than twice."

"It was some job hitching up that tow so I wouldn't have to make a three-piece rescue. I got the missus straightened out and headed for land and then I took Mrs. Hayes's right hand and got her to grip the missus by the left foot. Last I warned Mrs. Jones around straight and got her to take hold of Mrs. Hayes by the right foot."

"I know this scheme would make it easier towing, and it did. They all held on with their teeth set, and taking the missus by the hair as gentle as possible. I towed 'em in. There wasn't any time to yell for assistance and there weren't any life guards handy. It wasn't a one-man job, but I'm no weakling."